WORD OF THE LORD

Dr. Talmage Preaches on a Novel Subject

HARPS

AND JAVELINS

The Wonderful boothing and Healing Power of Music as Illustrated by David Before Saul.

Shoulder, May 14.—In his sermon this formson in the Brooklyn Tabernacie Rev. Dr. Talmage brought in a novel and practical conjunction that is suggested by a text perhaps nover before chosen. The opening hymn, led by organ and sormet and joined in by thousands of

The entire the test being I Sentral, eightenth care that a state of the test being I Sentral, eightenth chapter, tenth and eleventh verses. "And David played with his hand as at other times, and there was a javelin in Sentral terral. Saul's hand And Soul cast the javelin. for he said I will smite David even t the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice."

What a spectacle for all agest Saul, a giant, and David, a dwarf. An unforemate war balled had been composed and some enlogtning David above Saul. That song threw Saul into a paroxysm of rage. which brought on one of his old spells of maunity to which he had been subject. If one is disposed to some physical at ment and he get real mad, it is very apt to bring on one of his old attacks. is a raving manine, and he goes to imitating the false prophets or sibyls, who kicked and gesticulated wildly when they pretended to be foreteiling events.

Whatever the physicians of the royal staff may have prescribed for the disordered king I know not, but David prescribed music. Having keyed up harp, his fingers began to pull the rhythm from the vibrating strings. Thrum! Thrum! Tarum! No use. The king will not listen to the exquisite cadences. He lets fly a javelin, expecting to pin the minstrel to the wall, but David dodged the weapon and kept on, for he was confident that he could, as before, subdue Saul's bad spirit by music.

Again the javelin is flung, and David dodges it and departs. What a contrast! Reseate David with a harp and enraged Saul with a javelin. Who would not rather play the one than fling the other? But that was not the only time in the world's history that harp and javelin met. Where their birthplace was I can-not declare. It is said that the lyre was first suggested by the tight drawing of the sinews of a tortoise across its shell, and that the flute was first suggested by the biowing of the wind across a bed of resds, and that the ratio of musical intervals was first suggested to Pythagoof the smithy, but the harp events to me to have dropped out of the sky and the javelin to have been thrown up from the

The oldest stringed instrument of the world is the herp. Jubal counded his harp in the book of Generis. David played many of his pulms or the harp while he sing them. The captives in Rubylon hung their harps on the willows. Josephus onlebrated the invention of the lustringed harp. Timothens, the Milestate was imprisoned for adding the swelfth string to the harp, because too much insury of sound might enervate the people. Egyptian harps, Scottish harps, Welsh harps, Irish harps have been celebrated. What an inspired tri-

Everlasting honors to Sebastian Erard, who by pedais invented called the foot as well as the hand to the harp. When the harpstoord maker for whom he worked discharged him for his genius. the employer not wanting to be eclipsed by his subordinate, Erard suffered from the same passion of jeulousy that threw Saul of my text into the fit during which he flung a javelin at the harpest. The hurp is almost human, as you find when you put your finger on its pulse.

ther instruments have louder voice and may be better for a battle charge, but what exquisite aweetress slumbers between the harp strings, waking at the first touch of the tips of the fingers. It can weep. It can plead. It can scothe. It can pray The flute is more mellow, the trumpet is more startling, the organ is more majestic, the cymbals are more feative the dram is note recounding. but the burp has a richness of its own and will continue its mission through all time and then take part in celestial symphontes, for St. John says he heard in heaven the harps of God.

THE ASCIENT JAVELIN.

But the javelin of my text is just as old. It is about 5; feet long, with wooden handle and steel point, keen and sharp. But it belongs to the great family of death dealers and is brother to sword and spear and beyonet, and first cousin to all the unplements that wound and sky it has cut its way through the acres. It was old when Saul, in the scene of my text, tried to barpoon David It has gushed the earth with grave trenches Its keen tip is reddened with the blocd of American wars, English wars, Germian wars, Russian wars, French wars. Crusader wars and wars of all nations and of all ages.

The structure of the javelin shows what it was made for. The plowshare is sharp, but aimed to cut the earth in preparation for harvests. The lightning end is sharp, but simed to disarm the lightnings and some safety. The ax is sharp, but aimed to fell forests and clear the way for human labitation The knife is sharp, but aimed to cut the bread for sustanance. But the javelinis sharp only to open human arteries and artinguish human eyesight and take human life and fill the surth with the eries of orphanage and widowheed and

Oh, I am so glad that my test brings them as close together that we can the contract between the harp and the javelin. The one to soothe, the other to burt; the one to myo, the other to destroy the one divine the other diabolic; the one to play, the other to hard, the one in Describe skillful hand, the other in Saul's wrathful cintch. May God speed the harp, may God grind into duliness the

sinery wigo of the javelin. Now what does all this make you think of it suggests to me music as a medieine for physical and mental disorders David took hold of the numbers maters prest which he best know both freier and evoked from it stunds which were for King Saul's diversion and medica-ment. But, you say, the trustment in this case was a failure. Why was it a failure? Saul refused to take the medicine. A whole anotherary sleep of curative drugs will do nothing toward healing your illnesses if you refuse to take the medicine. It was not the fault of David's prescription, but the fault of Saul's ob-

David, one of the winest and best of David, one of the wisest and best of all ages, stands before us in the text ad-ministering masts for nervous disorder and corebral disturbanos, and David was right. Music is the mightiest force in all therapeutics. Its results may not be seen as enddonly as other forms of cure, but it is just as wonderful. You will never know how much suffering and see never know how much suffering and sor-row music has assuaged and healed. A soldier in the United States army said that on the days the regimental band played near the hospitals all the sick and wounded revived, and men who were so lame they could not walk before got up and went out and sat in the sunshine and those so dispirited that they never expected to get home began to pack their segrege and ask about timetables on teamboat and rail train.

Theodosius, the emperor, wrathful at the behavior of the people of Antioch, who, on some sudden provocation tore down the statues of emperor and empress, resolved severely to punish them, but the bishop, knowing that the emperor had a group of boys to sing to him while sating at the table, taught the boys a plaintive song in which the people lanented their had behavior, and the king under the pathes of the music cried out, "The city of Antioch is forgiven." The rage of Achilles was assuaged by a harp. Asclepiades awayed rebellions multi-

tudes by a harp. THE POWER OF MUSIC. After the buttle of Yorktown, when a nusician was to suffer amputation, and before the days of aniesthetics, the wounded artist called for a musical instrument and lost not a note during the 40 minutes of amputation. Filippo Palma, the great musician, confronted by an angry creditor, played so enchantingly before him that the creditor forgave the debt and gave the debtor 10 guineas more to appease other creditors.

An eminent physician of olden time contended (of course carrying our theory too far) that all ailments of the work could be cured by music. The medical journals never report their recoveries by this mode. But in what twilight hour has many a saint of God solaced a heartache with a hymn hummed or sung or played! Jerome of Prague sang while burning at the stake. Over what keys of piano or organ consolation has walked. Yea, in church one hymn has rolled peace over a thousand of the worried, perplexed and

While there are hymns and tunes ready for the jubilant, there is a rich hymnolegy for the suffering-"Naomi" and "Eventide" and "Autumn Leaves" and "Come, ye disconsolate," and whole portfolios and librettos of tears set to music. All the wonderful triumphs of surgery and all the new modes of successful treatment of physical and mental disorders are discussed in medical conventions and spread abroad in medical books, and it is high time that some of the millions of souls that have been medicated by music, vocal and instrumental, let the world know what power there is in sweet sound, whether rolling from lip or leaping from tightened chord or ascending

from ivory key. Music is a universal language. At the foot of the Tower of Babel language was split into fragments never to be again put together, but one thing was not hurt, and that is music, and it is the same all the world over. Last summer in Russia at a watering place we were greeted as we entered a great auditorium, which was filled with thousands of Russians. whose language I could not understand any more than they could understand

But after the grand band had, out of compliment to us, played our two great American aigs, I stepped on the platform and said to the bundmaster, "Hussian air! Russian air!" and then he tapped with his baton on the music rack, and with a splendor and majesty of power that almost made as quail the full band poured forth their pational authem. They understood our American music, and we understood their Russian music. It is a universal language and so good for universal cure.

I should not wonder if in the day of judgment it should be found out that more souls have been saved by music than by preaching. I should not wonder if out of the one hundred and forty and four thousand ransomed souls that John foresaw before the throne of God at least 130,000 had been saved by sweet song. Why does not the church on earth take the hint? Heaven is the great musical center of the universe, the place of devologies and trumpets and harps, and in preparation for that place we

ought to make more of music on earth. The band of music at Waterloo played the retreat of the Forty-second Highbanders back to their places, and sacred music has returned many a faltering host of Ge! into the Christian conflict with as much determination and dash as Tennyson's "Six Hundred." Who can tell what has been accomplished by Charles Wesley's 7,000 hymns, or by the congregational singing of his time, which could be heard two miles off? When my dear friend Dio Lewis (gone to rest all too soon; conducted a campaign against drunkenness at the west, and marshaled themsands of the noblest women of the land in that magnificant campaign, and whole neighborhoods and villages and cities shut up their grog shops, do you know the chief weapon used? It was the

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to these. They sang it at the door of hundreds of lagner saloons which had been open for veurs and either at the first charge of the campaign or the second the succen the campaign or the second the successibilities. At the first verse of "Nearer, My God to Thee," the liquor dealers laughed, at the second verse they looked solounn, at the third verse they began to ery and at the fourth verse they got down on their knees. You say they connect their salcons again. Ves some them did. But it is a great thing to have hell shut up if only for a week, Give full swing to a good gospel hymn, and it would take the whole world for

THE RESELLICES SATURE. But when in my text I see Saul dealth ing this medicine of thythm and cadence and actually hurling a javein at the boart of David, the harpist, I bethink mywif of the fact that ein would like to till mored music. We are not told what tune liavid was playing on the barp that day, but from the character of the man metror to respect a creat matrix and

soles ditty, or a sweep of strings raggestive of the melodrame, but elemusic, religious music, a whole heavest of it encomped under a harpstring. No wonder that wicked field hated it and could not alide the sound and with all his suight buried as instrument of death

sin admires, and you hear it as you pass the casino or the dance hall, and the devil has stolen most of the fiddles. though I am glad the Ole Bulls have matched up the charmed strings from their description, but it is a fact that sin has a javelin for sacred sounds. In many churches the javelin of criticism has killed the music, javelin flung from organ loft or from adjoining pew of the supersensitive. Saul's javelin aimed at David's harp. Thousands of people so afraid they may not sing scientifically, they will not sing at all, or sing with such low tone that no one hears them.

In many a church the javelin of criticism has crippled the harp of worship. If satan could stlence all the Sunday school songs and the bymns of Christian worship, he would gain his greatest schievement. When the miliennial song shall rise-and it is being made readythere will be such a roll of voices, such a concentrated power of stringed and wind instruments, such majesty, such ananimity, such continental and hemispheric and planetary acclamation, that it will be impossible to know where earth stops and heaven begins. Roll on, rol in, roll up, thou millennial harmony! THE MEANNESS OF REVENUE.

See also in my subject a rejected opportunity of revence. Why did not David pick up Saul's javelin and hurl it back again? David had a skillful arm. He demonstrated on another occasion he could wield a sling, and he could have easily picked up that javelin, aimed it at Saul, the would be assassin, and left the foaming and demented monster as lifeless under the javelin as he had left Goliath under a sling. Oh, David, now is your chance. No, no. Men and women with power of tongue or pen or hand to reply to an imbittered antagonist, betimitate David and let the javelin Fe at your feet and keep the harp in you. hand. Do not strike back. Do not play the game of tit for tat.

Gibbon, in his history, tells of Bajazet, the great Moslem general who was brought a captive to the tent of Timur. He had attempted the massacre of Timur and his men. Timur said to him: "Had you vanquished us I am not ignorant of the fate which you reserved for myself and my troops, but I disdain to retaliate. You life and honor are secure, and I shall express my gratitude to God by my clemency to man." Beautiful.

Revenge on Christian's tongue or pen or hand is inapt and more damage to the one who employs it than the one against whom it is employed. What! A javelin hurled at you and fallen at your eet, and you not hurl it back again? Yes. I have tried the plan. I learned it from my father and have practiced it all my life, and it works well, and by the help of God and javelins not picked up I have onquered all my foes and preached funeral sermons in honor of most of them.

The best thing you can do with a javelin hurled at you is to let it lie where it dropped or hang it up in your museum as a curiosity. The deepest wound made at the duli end of the handle to him who wields it. I leave it to you to say which got the best of that fight in the palace-Saul or David.

See also in my subject that the fact that a man sometimes dodges is not against his courage. My text says that when Saul assailed him, "David avoided out of his presence twice"-that is, when the javelin was flung, he stepped out of its direction or bent this way or that-in other words, he dodged. But all those who have read the life of David know that he was not lacking in prowers. David had faults, but cowardice was not one of them.

When David, who was, I guess, about 4) feet high, went out to meet the giant, sho was, I guess, about 10 feet migh, it was a big undertaking, and the inequalities of the struggle were so great that it struck the grant's idea of the ludicrous, and be suggested to the little fellow that he would make a fine dinner for a buzzard or a jackal-"Come to me, and I will give thy fiesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

COURAGE OF THE EIGHTROUS. When David went out to meet that giant and conquered him, he demonstrated, as be did on other occasions, his courage. But I am so glad that when Saul fung that javelin David dodged it, or the chief work of his life would never have been done. What a lesson this is to those who go into useless danger and expose their lives or their reputations or their usefulness unnecessarily. When duty demands, go shead, though all earth and hell oppose. Dodge not one inchfrom the right position. But when noth-

ing is involved step back or step aside. Why stand in the way of pertis that ron can aroud? Go not into quixotle sastles to fight windmills. You will be of more use to the world and the church as an active Constian man than as a target for javelins. There are Christians always in a fight. If they go into churches, they fight there. '17 they go into presby teries or conferences or conseciations, they fight there. My advice to you is, if anything is to be gained for God or the truth, stand out of the way of the javeline. I Samuel xviii, 11, "Da vid avoided out of his presence twice." Washington was as mighty in his retreats as in his advances. His army would several times have been destroyed

f he had not dodged. He dodged on Long Island; he dodged on New Jersey beights. Lincoln on his way to inauguration at Washington was waited for by assausins, but he took another train and dodged the desperadoes. We have high example of the fact that sometimes a man will serve God best by disappearing from this or that piace, this or that environment.

A mob brought Christ to the top of the rocks back of Nazaroth. They did not like his preaching, and they proposed to hard him down the precipies. But while they were getting ready for the massacre Christ darted into the crowd and amid the confusion escaped to Capernaum and continued exercising devile and cooling fewers and filling fish nets and giving healthy circulation of blood to paralysis and enring domentia and turning corpses into living men and women and doing his chief work.

What a good thing he dodged the crowd on the rocks back of Nazaroth! Likewise at Jerusalem one day, while he was sauntering up and down in Solomon's perch westend for an occupringly

to any kind words or do a unsful deed, the people proposed to pay him for his self sacrifices by stoning him to death, but the record is, "He escaped out of their hands."

One also in my subject the unreasonable atteinds of javoiss toward harp. What had that harp in David's hand done to the javois in Saul's hand? Had the vibrating strings of the one burt the keen edge of the other? Was there an old gradge between the two families of sweet sound and sharp cut? Had the tri-angle ever insulted the polished shaft? Why the deadly aim of the destroying respon against the instrument of southg, calming, healing sound? Well, I will answer that if you will

tell me why the hostility of so many to the gospel, why the virulent attacks against Christian religion, why the angry antipathy of so many to the most gental most inviting, most salutary influence under all the heavens. Why will men give their lives to writing and speak-ing and warring against Christ and the gospel? Why the javelin of the world's hatred and rage against the harp of heavenly love? You know and I know men who get wrathfully red in the face and feating at the mouth and use the gesture of the clincaed tist and put down their feet with indignant emphasis and invoke all ser casm and frony and vituperation and soorn and spite at the Christian religion. What has the Christian religion done that it should be so assailed? Whom hath it bitten and left with hydrophobia virus in their veins that i should sometimes be chased as though it were a maddened canine?

To head off and trip up and push down and corner our religion was the dominant thought in the life of David Hume and Voltaire and Shaftesbury and even the Earl of Rochester, until one day in a princely house, in which they biasphemonsly put God on trial, and the Earl of Rockester was the attorney against God and religion and received the appliance of the whole company, when suddenly the earl was struck under conviction and cried: "Good God, that a man who walks uprightly, who sees the wonderful works of God and has the use of his senses and reason. should use them in defying his Creator wish I had been a crawling leper in a ditch rather than have acted toward God as I have done."

Javelin of wit, javelin of irony, javelin f scurrility, javelin of sophistry, javein of human and diabolic hostility have been flying for hundreds of years and are flying now. But aimed at what? At something that has come to devastate the world? At something that slays nations? At something that would maul and trample under foot and excruciate and crush the human race?

THE WONDERFUL HARP. No, aimed at the gospel harp-harp n which prophets played with somewhat lingering and uncertain fingers, but harp on which apostles played with sublime certainty, and martyrs played while their fingers were on fire. Harp that was dripping with the blood of the Christ, out of whose heartstrings the harp was chorded and from whose dying groan the strings were keyed. Oh, gospel harp! All thy nerves a-tremble with stories of self sacrifice. Harp thrammed by fingers long ago turnel to dust. Harp that made heaven listen and will yet make all the earth hear. Harp that sounded pardon to my sinful soul and peace over the grave where my dead sleep. Harp that will lead the chant of the blood washed throng redeemed around the throne. May a javelin slay me before I fling a javelin at that. Harp which it seems almost too sacred for me to touch, and so I cail down from their thrones those who used to finger it and ask them to touch it now, "Come down, William Cooper, and run your fingers over the strings of this harp." He says, "I will," and he

There is a fountain filled with blos Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Come down, Charles Wesley, and touch the strings." He says, "I will," and he

plays: Jesus, lover of my soul. Let me to thy benom fly. "Come down, Augustus Toplady, and sweep your fingers across this gospel He says, "I will," and he plays:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thes, Come down Isaac Watts, and take this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays: Alms, and did my Saviour bleed,

And did my Sovereign die? "P. P. Bliss, come down and thrum this gospel harp." He says, "I will,"and he

Hall-lutch, 'tis done!

Ineffable harp! Transporting harp! Harp of earth! Harp of heaven! Herp saintly and seraphic! Harp of God! Oh, I like the idea of that old monument in the ancient church at Ullard, near Kilkenny, Ireland. The sculpture on that monament, though classied more than a thousand years ago, as appropriate today as then, the sculpture representing a barp upon a cross. That is where I hang it pow; that is where you had better hang it. Let the javelin be forever buried, the sharp edge down, but hang the harp upon

And now upon our souls let the harrs of heaven Pain music, and as when the sun's rays fail asiant in Switzerland at the approach of eventide, and the shepherd among the Alas puts the horn to his lips and blows a blast and says, "Colory be to God," and all the shepherds on the Alpine beights or down in the deep valleys respond with other blasts of horns, saying, "Glory be to God, and then all the slepherds uncover their heads and kneel in worship, and after a few moments of silence some shepherd rises from his knees and blows. another blast of the horn and says, Thunks be to God," and all through th mountains the response comes from other shepherds, "Thanks be to God," or this moment let all the valleys of earth respond to the hills of heaven, with sounds of glory and thanks, and it be harp of earthly worship to harp of beavenly worship, and the words of St. John in the Apocalypse be fulfilled, "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

WON'T PRAY AGAINST CHOLERA

Because Beares Helps Those Who Belp Thomselves.

The members of St. Stephen's church who attended divine service Sonday morning listened to a sermon which in the proper some of the phrase created a emution and furnished them with food for discussion during the recounder of the day. The topic of Dr. McConnell's grout money is refunded.

ment and incidentally upon cholsis, but instead of configure himself to common-place utterances on the subject he dealt with it in its broadest hearings and gave his hearers a discourse of which it is safe

to say not a word was lost.
"We are told," said Dr. McConnell "to be on our guard against the cholera. The raction! profession to united in the belief that the accurge will break out again this summer not only in Europe. but in this summer not only in Europe, but in this country. The germs of the disease have lain dormant during the winter, but so soon as they are reviviled by the sun the death roll will begin to be called, and all the resources of modern actence will be called on to combat the places. plague. It is admitted on all sides that we are in jeopardy; it is admitted on all sides that the work of prevention

cannot begin too soon. "There are various methods of meeting the situation, most of which are in our own hands. That the most strenuous efforts are necessity cannot be ques-tioned. But it has been suggested that the clergy should unite in offering up prayer to Divine Providence that this calamity may be averted from us. With a full sense of the gravity of the occasion and after the most earnest reflection, I have decided that I for one can offer no such prayer. I will not pray that this city may be spared from the cholera when I see that the city itself is making no effort to guard against the danger. 'if the cholera makes havor among

ns, it will be because our streets are dirty, our water is impure, our drainage is filthy. And whose fault is this? It is your fault, it is my fault, in that we do not see to it that our city government is rightly administered and that politiccians are not permitted to use its fran-chases for their own ends. And our lethargy is all the more unworthy in that it is selfish. For the cholers, if it comes will not place us in danger. We can avoid it. We can leave the crowded city and betake ourselves comfortably to places where pure air and good water will free us from apprehension.
"But if you should go where I go, into

the dwellings of the poor, you would realize what a calamity is impending over the great mass of the inhabitants of the city, and how empty, yes and worse, it would be to pray that the cholera may be staid from entering homes which our neglect has left to stand amid surroundings which must breed the very pestilence that we seek to escape." Philadelphia Times.

Man In the Eyes of His Inferiors. It is the habit of man to look down upon the brute creation as his inferiors. and yet if man could know what the dumb animals think of him perhaps be would be less puffed up with his own importance and superiority.
It must appear ridiculous to the dog.

for instance, that man should require so extensive an equipment of words to ex-press his wants and emotions—words that serve rather to hide than to illuminate his thoughts-when the dog with his limited vocabulary expresses himself clearly. Surely a dog must regard his bark, capable as it is of almost endless modulations, as superior in the expression of thought to man's cumbrous flow of ambiguity. Then the swine, which man is prone

to regard as the living embodiment of gluttony, has no doubt an opinion of man which in its turn is by no means flattering to its object. The hog migh with reason from his point of view criticise man upon his manners at the table. "How wasteful of time," he might say, "is man's practice of feeding himself with knife, fork and spoon, when be could satisfy his hunger more expeditiously by following my example and consume his food without any of those adventitious time destroyers! Man condemns me because, forsooth, I eat with one or two feet in my trough, but he fails to apprehend that my purpose is a landable one; that my sole object is to get nearer my base of supplies and so save valuable time in my operations."-Boston Transcript.

Luck and Ill Luck.

"Some persons seem lucky in any enterprise they undertake, while others who make investments are sure to lose their capital," was remarked by Will Bertram. "I knew a young fellow that invested a brass watch which cost him \$3 in a lot in Lincoln, Ills., which he sold later for \$25,000. It was the lot that the Lincoln House was later built upon, and the rise in real estate came in ss than four years after his investment was made. I know another man who went to Summer county, Kan., in 1874, and carried with him a shotgun which cost him \$13. Wellington had just been made the county seat and was then a town of 300 inhabitants, but 40 miles from a railroad. The young man was offered six choice lots in the center of Wellington for his \$13 shotgun. The offer was refused, and five years later the same lots were sold for \$3,700 each." St. Louis Republic

Incorrigible Miss Cannon

Miss Caunon of New Brunswick was arrested for being "incorrigible." It turned out that her incorrigibility lay in her refusing to marry a man she did not love to please ber parents. The humor of the situation appeared to strike even the justice who heard the charge and explanation. This is the kind of incorrigibility that may be generally comnded under the code of popular sentiment in this independent country. Parental advice as to whom a young shall not marry is often very valuable, but to name the man whom she shall marry is going a little too far. Success to Miss Cannon in her efforts to prevent · leveless marriage - New York World.

THEY CAN'T ESCAPE. The liver when setive is the satch-dog of the system - the destroyer of germs and impuri-The truth is ninety-nine at of every hundred diseases

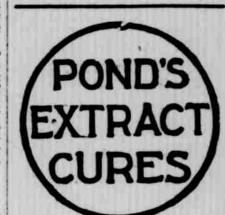
tiegla with a sluggish liver. A alight cold or chill may amount to something serious. If you correct the liver you'll core the cold. Dr. Plerce's Pleasant Palrold. Dr. Plerser to vigor-lets rouse the liver to vigor-nes action. After dinner, if von're billous, take one of these time, sugar-contect Pellets. Take them when you have wind or pain to stomach, giddiness, fullof apporte, ne when you suffer from contivenes, lodigestics, or billious bentlenberg. The makers take the real of their hearfiting you. Can you sek more?



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ening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs. and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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Hoarseness Backache

Colds

Rheumatism Sore Eyes Sore Throat

Hemorrhages Inflammation

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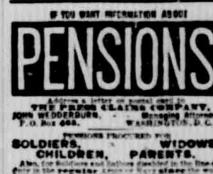
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